GENERALITIES AND GEOPOLITICS, By Norman Cousins

The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Quentin Reynolds
Reviewed by Linton Wells

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United Nations poster distributed by the government in connection with United Nations Day, June 14.

The United Nations have recognized their mutuality in war? Will they similarly recognize it in peace? . . . *(See page 3)*

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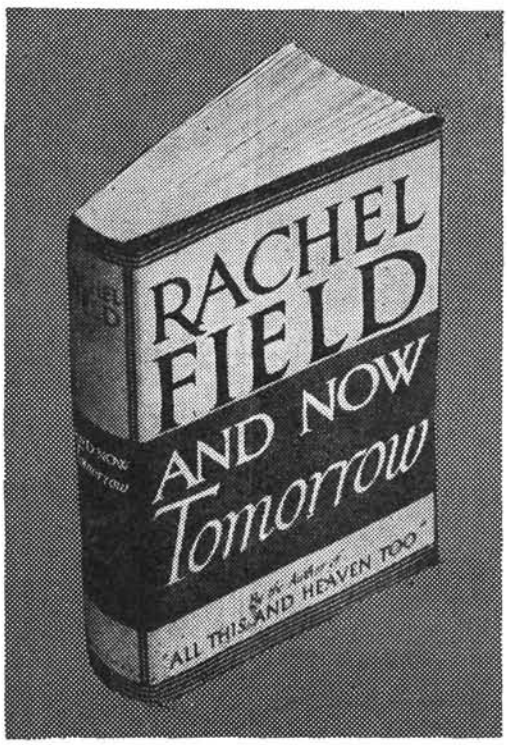

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Generalities and Geopolitics

NORMAN COUSINS

SUCH a stigma has become attached to generalizations that we seem to forget that at times there may be a real need for statements of bold, broad proportions. Men who are being asked to risk their lives are not interested in footnotes or qualifying clauses; they want to be told and to believe that universals are at stake; they are hungry for generalizations to assure them that they are fighting for Truth and everything that goes with it, and they should be forgiven if they eschew the true scientific detachment and do not ask, "Ah, but who is there to define Truth and who are we to tell?"

No; this is no time for tortuous hair-splitting and fine distinctions. We are in this thing up to our necks and we may have to declare a moratorium on minutiae for the duration. And if this means emotionalism, then that is what it means, and if any of us think we can kill millions of human beings and be killed in turn without the necessary overflow of powerful emotions—even primitive emotions—then we had better lose no time in learning about the facts of life as they relate to war. It is not merely that we must put up with emotionalism; it is much more positive than that. Say what we will about the battle of production and B-19 bombers, the basic reality is that unless we can rally around a few generalities and reinforce them with the fullest, deepest feelings of which we are capable, we will lack the emotional ammunition which has such a big part to play in the winning of the war.

But "emotionalism" is not a nice word. Along with "war" and "hate" it was declared in contempt in the name of sweet reason by the literature of disillusion that followed the last war. But we tilted lances at words and not at actual conditions. War was the supreme evil in the world and all you had to do to get rid of it was to say no, thank you, politely but firmly, we'll have nothing to do with war, and war will have nothing to do with us. As for emotionalism, well, that was supposed to be a disease, too: if we had been able to control our emotions we never would have been drawn into World War I in the first place. We were to discover that wars could not be wished away and that our very insistence that we would never again have part in war actually helped bring the war to us. We were to discover, too, that at times emotionalism can be justified, that it is impossible to hold back a rising flood of feeling in the face of a blood bath let loose on the world, just as it is impossible to refrain from hating those whom we charge with the responsibility with every fibre of wrath in our emotional makeup. Retribution was not considered a nice word either, but as Wilson said, when applying justice to the enemy, let us also remember that there must be justice for the millions who have been killed and maimed, justice for the torn and bent lives of the greater millions who survived, justice for the hopes of those who do not want to live through such hell again.

The big job obviously is not to attempt to curb or outlaw emotion in time of war, for that is as futile as it is foolish, but to bend every effort toward the end that it may find a healthy expression and be pooled into the total effort. That means purpose and direction. It means, too, that there is a need for the simple statement of what we believe or feel to be simple truths. For the quality of our emotionalism may in no small measure depend upon the quality of the generalities in back of it. Surely it can be no accident that some of the greatest speeches in history and literature have not hesitated to appeal to the emotions through generalizations.

Henry A. Wallace has written a primer for the United Nations.

Sit back a moment and run over some of those speeches in your mind. Pericles and his funeral oration. Here are some of the most magnificent generalizations ever voiced—"We choose to die resisting, rather than to live submitting. . . . The only retreat of those who have died in battle was from dishonor. They met danger face to face, and, after a brief moment—while at the peak of their destiny—escaped, not from their fear but from their glory. Their monument is the world itself...." Or Mark Antony, attempting not to turn back the wrath of the mob but to channel it—

> You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
> And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
> It will inflame you, it will make you mad . . .

Or Martin Luther before the Emperor Charles. Or Mirabeau, defending himself against charges of treason before the National Assembly. Or Danton before that same Assembly in voicing the philosophy of the French Revolution. Or Zola at the defense of Dreyfus. Or Patrick Henry. Or Andrew Jackson at his second Inaugural Address. Or, most conspicuously, Lincoln at Gettysburg. History has judged these speeches great not in spite of their generalizations but rather because of them.

It is both presumptuous and premature to suggest that there may be speeches or documents today which belong to that tradition. Yet history may not disregard entirely the Election Eve talk in November, 1940, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the course of which he said:

> Democracy is a living thing—a human thing—compounded of brains and muscles and heart and soul. The service of democracy is the birth-

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right of every citizen, the white and the colored; the Protestant, the Catholic, the Jew; the sons and daughters of every country in the world, who make up the people of this land. Democracy is every man and woman who loves freedom and serves the cause of freedom.

Or the President's reference in a radio address to the Four Freedoms:

> We will accept only a world consecrated to freedom of speech and expression—freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, freedom from want, and freedom from terrorism.

Or Winston Churchill's terse, dramatic address on becoming Prime Minister in Britain's darkest hour, when he said:

> I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat. We have before us an ordeal of the most grievous kind . . . You ask, what is our policy? I say it is to wage war by land, sea and air. War with all our might and with all the strength God has given us, and to wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark and lamentable catalogue of human crime. That is our policy.
>
> You ask, what is our aim? I can answer in one word. It is victory. Victory at all costs—victory in spite of all terrors—victory, however long and hard the road may be, for without victory there is no survival.

Several other quotations from the addresses and papers of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill might also be cited at this point, and perhaps an attempt at a least common denominator of them all will not show a reluctance to essay, as Carl Becker called it in a recent article in the *Yale Review*, "some generalities that still glitter."

But Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are not alone among contemporary statesmen in the ability to strike off sentences that are bold enough to look the future in the eye. Recently, Vice-President Henry A. Wallace made a speech at a dinner of the Free World Association in New York. He called it "The Price of Free World Victory." That speech, although sketchily reported or overlooked entirely by the bulk of the nation's press, has already been acclaimed in various quarters as the most significant American statement on war since we became an active member of the United Nations. Raymond Clapper, as fair-minded and reputable as any columnist writing today, took the leadership in the newspaper field in praising the speech and in calling attention to it. Other writers and commentators have joined in its acclaim, and last week a publishing firm issued the speech between book covers at a price which ought to be within reach of the common man to whom Mr. Wallace's remarks were chiefly addressed.

"The Price of a Free World Victory" reads even better as a book* than it sounded as a talk. Those who said it appealed to the emotions and dealt in generalities happened to be right, but they were describing not its faults but its virtues. There was a need for someone in high station to put into words what most people felt or wanted to feel if they were to bend every energy to the waging and the winning of the war, and Henry Wallace said it. But wasn't that demagoguey? Far from it. The demagogue or the politician would never have been so blunt, so insistent about the size of the job ahead, so emphatic upon the duties of democracy as well as its rights. What Wallace had to say required not only conviction but courage, certainly not the distinguishing characteristics of those who live off the people by stroking their prejudices or feeding their vanity.

It is an injustice, of course, to attempt to abstract or even summarize the talk, but these, roughly, are the basic generalizations with which Mr. Wallace dealt:

The common man all over the world is on the march. He is on the march against injustice and tyranny, whatever the form it may take, and whatever the means that may be necessary to overcome it. The Nazi philosophy has attempted to appropriate this march, not only by turning it back, but by leading the common man of the whole world back into slavery and darkness.

This march of the common man has been going on for one hundred and fifty years, in Europe and America. It is going on today toward "even fuller freedom than the most fortunate peoples of the earth have hitherto enjoyed . . . The people in their millenial and revolutionary march toward manifesting here on earth the dignity that is in every human soul, holds as its credo the Four Freedoms enunciated by President Roosevelt." But there are also four duties, since every freedom has its corresponding obligation. These four duties are: "1. The duty to produce to the limit. 2. The duty to transport as rapidly as possible to the field of battle. 3. The duty to fight with all that is in us. 4. The duty to build a peace—just, charitable, and enduring."

Here Wallace makes his big point. "Some have spoken of the 'American Century.' I say that the century on which we are entering—the century which will come of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man . . . No nation will have the God-given right to exploit other na-

(*Continued on page* 15)

**THE PRICE OF A FREE WORLD VICTORY. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Co. 1942. 32 pp. $0.75.*

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Quent Reynolds in Transit

ONLY THE STARS ARE NEUTRAL. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: Random House. 1942. 299 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HERE is an even more lushly readable Quentin Reynolds volume which deserves and probably will achieve top-seller rank.

There's hardly a quiet paragraph in it; in fact, it has more action than a carload of movie thrillers and circus acts and gay humor which actuates appreciative chuckles.

In his preface, Quent warns that "'Only the Stars are Neutral' is as personal as a toothache, a liking for spinach, or a taste in fancy ties." He makes good his threat. It chronicles the action-packed year of his life in 1941, with racy eye-witness accounts of history in the making by eminent people, most of whom he calls by their first names.

Quent Reynolds is a born friend-maker. When he isn't making new friends, he is bumping into old ones made elsewhere in the world. And he is anything but class-conscious. He says "the greatest and most interesting talkers in the world are barbers and Washington taxicab drivers," but that doesn't prevent him from palling around with Beaverbrook, Harriman, Biddle, Winant, *et al.* And the two good luck charms he carries with him everywhere are leather-framed, autographed pictures of F. D. R. and Winston Churchill. His connections are the envy of the newspaper profession —probably because he never violates a confidence, and for that reason gets the stories. When Harry Hopkins, and Averell Harriman arrived in London, they got No. 10 Downing Street to send a car for him at midnight, then sat up with him and Brendon Bracken most of the night swapping reminiscences about mutual friends. He is an extraordinarily good companion, equally at home with women and with bigwig men. Invited to lunch at Chequers, Prime Minister Churchill's official residence, he arrived twenty minutes late—and yet was asked by Mrs. Churchill to stay for supper. There's never a dull minute with Reynolds around—either in person or vicariously through his writing.

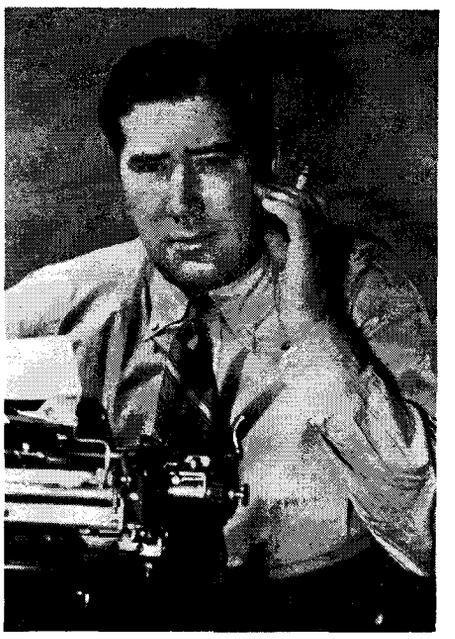
Reynolds wasn't able to get to Moscow as the representative of *Collier's* magazine, but his pals Harriman and Hopkins wangled a visa for him and he flew there as a sort of press liaison officer for the Anglo-American mission. He spent three hectic months in Russia, but his incessant battles with the censors did not impair his objectivity. His chapters on Russia are about as vivid reporting as have come out of this war. There are no profound analyses of military strategy or the causes and effects of Communism, but the reader sees a well-defined picture of why and how Red Russia continues to exist. When an air-raid alarm sounded in Moscow, "the people were ordered not asked to go into shelters. The city fathers knew that foolish courage is a cheap commodity. Soviet Rulers are fiercely realistic."

Quent's chief ambition was to get an "on the record" talk with Stalin. As a member of the official mission, he had dinner *en masse* with the Red Dictator, whose "appearance was a contradiction of everything we had ever been led to believe." Stalin, he says, "looks like the kindly Italian gardener you have in twice a week." The Russians were anxious to have him do a Soviet version of "London Can Take It" and offered to pay him, but he refused on the grounds that he wanted nothing more than an interview with Stalin. The horse trading was proceeding slowly but satisfactorily until October 15, 1941, when the Germans were at the gates of Moscow. "The snow thickened outside, as though to hide the shame of the most ignominious diplomatic and journalistic flight in history" —the enforced exodus to Kuibyshev, which averaged six miles an hour.

"Nature grabbed Kuibyshev by the nape of the neck and shook her, and we mortals unfortunate enough to be living there bore the brunt of her fury." The British embassy staff slept eighteen to a room and there were no baths in the Grand Hotel, but Quent "found that the daily baths . . . though a pleasant habit and a rather overrated luxury, were neither necessary to health or comfort."

"The lot of a foreign correspondent," Reynolds assures us, "is not entirely champagne and caviar, dining with ambassadors and knowing diplomats by their first name." The first thing any foreign correspondent does in Europe (except Britain) is to contract the well known so-called "diplomatic fever" or—to give it a proper medical name—"dysentery." In Moscow, Quent had most of the diseases, and in Kuibyshev, he added two carbuncles to his collection. When the first one was lanced, he screamed and was ready to offer to change the title of his book, "The Wounded Don't Cry." He fainted instead and was revived by a slug of Ambassador Steinhardt's precious brandy.

The fourteen correspondents and half-dozen diplomats in Kuibyshev were pals in every sense—practising Communists, in fact. They pooled their



Quentin Reynolds

liquor and cigarettes and "we even shared typewriters, and sacrifices for one's fellows can go no further than to share a fragile portable in a city where there are no typewriter ribbons or repair shops available." They spent most of their waking hours fighting with censors, thinking up practical jokes, and playing poker. Reynolds's reputation as a poker player always precedes him and his victims are scattered throughout the world.

The feminine touch in Moscow and Kuibyshev was added by another *Collier's* reporter—Alice Leone Moats, who has a biting wit and a gift for writing and languages. Called Moats by friend and foe alike, she more than upheld the distaff side. Her special sources of information, food, and drink were the Persian ambassador and the Polish General Andrev.

Bored to tears with lack of news, Quent decided to forego his chances of an interview with Stalin and to leave Russia. His friend Sir Walter Monckton got seats for him and Moats on the diplomatic plane which carried the Litvinovs, Steinhardt, and others to Persia. He clears up the mystery of the missing plane, which had the world worried for four days: they were wining and dining on champagne and caviar and playing Twenty Questions —Moats's pet game—while waiting for weather to clear and were sublimely unaware that they were "missing." And the alleged British insult to the Litvinovs at Teheran he characterizes as a Nazi propaganda effort to disrupt Anglo-Russian relations.

Leaving Moats in Persia, Reynolds flew on to Cairo with Monckton, stayed up all night playing poker, and the next day was on his way to the battle-

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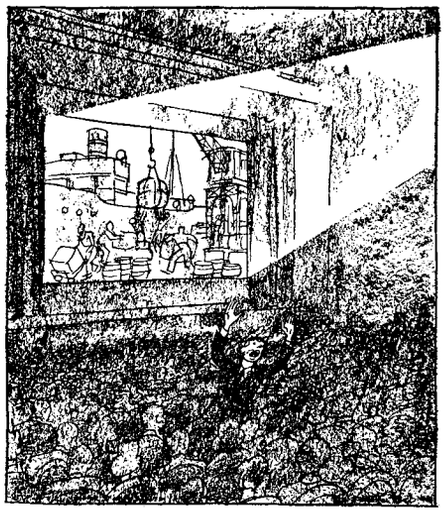
front in the Western Desert. When the British were hemmed in on three sides by the Germans and being dive-bombed incessantly—described hair-raisingly in Quent's most vivid style—he resigned himself to being killed—and still doesn't know why he is alive.

He returned from the hell in the desert to a bed in Shepherd's—"My sun-poisoning had turned septic and my face looked like something the rats had been nibbling at"—where he decided to remain for "eight or nine years," it was so wonderful. He stayed a week, breaking the monotony with poker games and a mystery novel.

Early last December, Reynolds enplaned for London, traveling as the King's Messenger (arranged by Monckton), so he could get through Lisbon, where the Portuguese were gunning for him because of some unfavorable pieces he had written about them.

Unable to fly home, he spent Christmas in London with the Biddles. By then, Quent was "tired of traveling fast; tired of picking myself up off the floor; tired of looking for news and arguing with censors and I was homesick, too." Every foreign correspondent gets homesick, Reynolds reminds you, so he took a fourteen-day freighter and expected the trip to be "a pleasant escape from war." Twenty-three days later, after being buffeted about and blown all over the Atlantic by a hurricane and dodging submarines, he arrived at Halifax with a book—a corking good book—"Only the Stars are Neutral."

Since then, incidentally, Quent has acquired a bride and, I believe, flown off again to the war, leaving her behind, so one of these days we can expect him back with another exciting saga.



—From "He Who Laughs—Lasts."

One evening when moving pictures were shown in a Norwegian theatre of a German ship unloading food at an Oslo pier, one man could not restrain himself.

"Stop the machine!" he shouted. "You're running the film backwards!"

The Butter Complex

Subconscious Confessions in the War-Time Literature of Nazi Germany

F. C. WEISKOPF

THERE has been a lot of wishful thinking about the effects of the British blockade and about actual starvation in Nazi Germany. It would be foolish to assume that the German people are starving or are threatened by misery like that of 1917-1918. But deep in the souls of the German people there is doubtless the fear of a coming repetition of the "Kohlrübenwinter"—the war hunger winter—of the First World War. The fear of a future hunger has created a sort of complex which can be found in many war-time stories and novels, a few of the most characteristic of which I wish to point out.

Anold Ulitz, who had a literary reputation before he decided to remain in Hitler's Third Reich and to conform to the supervision of the Reichskulturkammer is the author of a novel, "Die Reise mach Kunzendorf"—The Journey to Kunzendorf—serialized in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* which is widely read by the non-party people in Nazi Germany.

A successful painter, member of the Academy of Arts, makes a journey to the village where he was born. The time is in the present war but this war remains dimly in the background. Ulitz deals profusely with the beauty of country life. With a nostalgic tone he describes the bucolic pleasures, wondering time and again about the fact "that there is still plenty to eat" in the villages. The eating theme repeats itself throughout the whole story. The conversations about good meals and delicious dishes are so numerous that they remind one of the hallucinations of a starved man. In the course of a solemn walk through the graveyard the thought of coffee and cake intrudes . . . and gone are contemplation and meditation. A dozen times or more Ulitz indulges in the delightful phrase: "the aunt spread butter."

Paul Fechter, for a long time one of the banner bearers of the "literature of a new, awakened Germany," published a "jolly novel" about a head waiter ("Der Herr Ober," Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart). Fechter deals with eating in quite the same way as does Ulitz. In reading his novel one cannot but believe that the author wrote these scenes with a watering mouth. And the fact that this novel went into several printings seems to prove that readers in war time Germany take a peculiar pleasure in reading about abundant meals.

Even the "literature in fieldgray" has the "butter complex." One of the new writers from the ranks of the company field reporters signing with his initial and rank—Feldwebel N.—describes the travel home on furlough of a soldier of the army of occupation of the West. The story is told in the first person. The Sergeant major leaves his unit and gets from the mess sergeant a chocolate bar for his kid brother. During the travel home the thoughts of the sergeant major are busy with that chocolate bar. For a long time he resists the temptation to eat it . . . but finally he succumbs. He eats it and enjoys the "delicious pleasure," but afterwards he is haunted by remorse. Of course nobody knows about his "crime" but still he feels miserable. But there comes the happy end. Two days after the arrival at home a package comes from the regimental headquarters. The package contains another piece of chocolate and a letter of the mess sergeant who knew "that you would not resist and swallow the sweet" and who therefore sends another gift for the small brother. Feldwebel N's story was printed in several German newspapers after having been published first in the *Daz*.

A short story "Guests, Guests"—Gäste, Gäste" by a Countess Eckström is written in the same half-humorous way. The author tells of a recipe for a beef broth—without meat. After describing in jolly fashion how to use a bunch of soup vegetables for making the broth and "toasted bread without butter" (again the butter) the author tells about the splendid experience with guests who did not know that there was no meat in the broth and meant to eat a real bouillon. The story ends with an admonition to the readers never to disclose the recipe to the guests, because "there are still people who believe that they have had meat broth only when they have gulped the juice of three pounds of beef."

The resentment against people whose luxurious wishes waste the juice of three pounds of beef for one beef broth, is only the other side of the dream of the butter spread on bread as in pre-war times.

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. . . But No Man's Poison

ONE MAN'S MEAT. By E. B. White. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 346 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY

A BOOK like "One Man's Meat" is sure to give one what I call the itch of continuity, which is not at all the same thing as the continuous itch. Most books are like the pools or puddles or streamlets you come across in a day's hike. They have just rained down from the general atmosphere or run down from the landscape. But, after a while, perhaps in a wooded valley you see a deep-currented, purposeful stream, and say, this must be the main line, this comes from somewhere significant, and is going somewhere for results. And yet it may be a small and modest stream.

I read, whenever I find them, Mr. White's narrative essays with their peculiar effect of casual conversation from a cracker barrel that leaves you scratching your head, and saying "that fellow has really *said* something." And then because they are so definitely American, so peculiarly our humor, and our half-sad, half-buoyant philosophy, the itch to place him in the American strain diverts me from my natural enjoyment of what I have read. Listening to the radio, it would seem that the world is in a precarious balance between the importance of the world's largest-selling beauty soap and the world's widest-spread predicament. The first radio words after the announcement of Pearl Harbor were "Give mother foot comfort for Christmas." Television is going to be the test of the modern world, for it will make sights seen over the air more real than we are able to be ourselves. The current struggle is between nationalism and internationalism, but you have to have more of the first before you can do anything about the second. The least fraternal organization in the world is a fraternity, since it is based on exclusiveness. And yet—"It is all," as Mr. White says, "thoroughly cock-eyed." Yet even when we listen, at the radio, to the familiar voice which has marshmallows in place of tonsils, we know that there is something here for which a free nation is fighting—and hoping it can be done a little differently when we are through.

I am being less than just to Mr. White's sane and exploratory philosophy, which begins like a speaker at a banquet with seemingly irrelevant banter and ends in wisdom. But this is his method, and, fortunately, there have been one or two like him in every American generation. It is not the line of Washington Irving, who belongs to the school of urbane and genteel irony. It is not the line of Walt Whitman, who began in Irving's manner, but dropped it as soon as he learned how to write for himself. He gave the best answers to Mr. White's question, how can you have your own country and the world both. It is a simple answer—get the exclusiveness out of your fraternity. Mr. White knows it, of course, but he is more interested in leading questions than in dogmatic answers. He belongs (as I see) with Mark Twain and his tradition of serious fun-poking, and with Thoreau and his tradition of serious topsy-turvy. If Thoreau had not seen an overworked man plodding down a Concord road with a farm on his back, Mr. White certainly would, on Wall Street or in Maine, with stocks and bonds or summer boarders as the burden on living. It was Thoreau who suspected that the great Atlantic Cable would be used to bring news of some royal child's toothache or measles, and Mr. White who notes that we have harnessed the ether waves in order to advertise soap or gasoline.

I place him, therefore, unhesitatingly, with our cracker-box tree-stump philosophers. With the characteristic of American fellows who hold back their punches until they have done a little humorous shadow-boxing, which gives them a chance to get the audience friendly and laughing and confuse the opponent; then biff, smash comes the punch. It is the main stream of the homely American humorists, which begins in the eighteenth century, and regarded as literature; includes Franklin, Jackson, and Lincoln, as well as wisecrackers like Artemus Ward; and Thoreau and Mark Twain and Don Marquis and Robert Frost. It is a country sound at the core that can keep this kind of humor going, and yet not forget its Washingtons, its Jeffersons, its Emersons, its Woodrow Wilsons, its Hawthornes, and Hemingways. It is a nation that, fortunately, is nourished on more than one kind of meat.

Only the Wise Would Guess

JOURNALS OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. Edited by E. de Selincourt. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. 1942. *Vol* 1, 443 *pp. Vol.* 2, 419 *pp., and index. Set*: $10.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(The definitive edition, long awaited by students; with much material now printed for the first time. The journals written at Grasmere, in Germany, and on the Isle of Man, are here given complete as written. Two previous shipments of this book from England were sunk in transit. Beautifully illustrated with maps and contemporary drawings; a *must* for Wordsworth scholars.)

"I made pies in the morning. William went into the wood, and altered his poems." —DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, July 28, 1800.

WILLIAM went into the wood: the poem needed revising
(Probably he put back what she had suggested first)
Dorothy watched the oven to see that the loaf was rising,
Copied some Chaucer for him, and cooked and sewed and nursed.

William was out of spirits; Coleridge tramped from Keswick
(Said his bowels were bad, and the wind made his eyes so sore)
Dorothy read their poems aloud, and gave them physic,
Quitted her well-earned bed, and slept on the parlor floor.

She wept (she had her reasons); William said she "blubbered";
She walked the road to Rydal to see if the post went by;
William was reading Congreve, but Dorothy went to the cupboard
And served the gooseberry pudding, and the homemade giblet pie.

William walked on the mountain; Dorothy planted broccoli—
William could not "kindle," and had a pain in his head;
Coleridge had a fantod, but bore up well, and pluckily
Let her broil him a mutton chop and serve it to him in bed.

Coleridge cut his name on stone, and Dorothy kissed the boulder;
William danced with the daffodils, and took the word from her
Then he rested, and had his nap leaning against her shoulder—
Only the very wise would guess whose the poems really were.

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The Anatomy of Russian Culture

OUTLINES OF RUSSIAN CULTURE. By Paul Miliukov. Part I: 212 *pp., and index. Religion and the Church pp.* 1-220; *Part II:* 126 *pp., and index. Literature pp.* 1-130; *Part III:* 151 *and index. Architecture, Painting and Music pp.* 1-140. *Edited by Michael Karpovich. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.* 1942. $5 *the set.*

Reviewed by M. ROSTOVTZEFF

PAUL N. MILIUKOV, the octogenerian dean of Russian historians and a distinguished statesman, needs no introduction to American readers. His name is familiar to everybody who is interested in Russia's past and present. He has been in the United States many times, first from 1903 to 1905 as visiting professor at Chicago; he has taught in American universities and has published several books and booklets in this country.

Miliukov's "Outlines" was first published in three volumes in 1896-1903. The book was several times reprinted in Russia; the seventh edition of the first volume appeared in Moscow in 1918, the fateful year in Russian history. It became soon after publication a classical book eagerly read by scores if not hundreds of thousands of Russian students of history and intellectuals. I was one of them and I still remember how much I learned from the study of the "Outlines." The book fully deserves its popularity and its fame. "As a comprehensive survey of Russian culture, from its origin to the present," says Professor Karpovich, the editor of the American translation under review, "this is the only work of its kind. While containing a wealth of factual information, it is primarily a synthesis and an interpretation." For such a synthesis and interpretation Miliukov is excellently equipped. His broad and deep knowledge of history and prehistory in general, his keen interest in literature and art, his activity in the political field, first as the leader of the constitutional opposition during the last years of the old regime, and then as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the "first democractic government Russia ever had," his amazing power to coördinate facts give him a breadth and depth of understanding of the evolution of Russia unparalleled among the modern historians of Russian political, social, economic, religious, and cultural life.

As an exile in Paris Miliukov never gave up his political activity and scholarly work. The fruit of the last was a revised and much enlarged edition of his "Outlines" started in 1937 and not yet complete. Some chapters of the second volume of this new edition are presented in a somewhat abridged form to the American readers in the three little volumes under review. They deal with those aspects of Russian civilization which, in the mind of the editor, may arouse keen interest in American readers: religion, literature, and art. In a few pages Miliukov traces here the outlines of change and development in these fields from the beginning to their latest phases in Bolshevik Russia. His survey ends with the year 1930. For the convenience of the readers the editor has added some facts concerning the last years(from 1930 to the beginning of the war).

It is needless to report and to discuss the views of Miliukov on the evolution of religion, literature, and art in Russia. Miliukov regards—rightly, I think—Russian culture as part of European culture in general and approaches it from this point of view. He may have somewhat underestimated the originality of Russian creation and overemphasized the Western influences in the development of Russian literature and art. But his presentation is in most cases convincing and always suggestive. There is, for example, no better short survey of the development of Russian music than that presented by Miliukov, who is a musician himself.

The editor of Miliukov's "Outlines," Professor M. Karpovich of Harvard, has done admirable work, fully approved by the author. His selection of the three chapters is justified so long as no publisher could be found for producing a translation of the whole book.* His few explanatory notes are painstakingly accurate and to the point, his additions short and unbiased.

—From "Eyes on Russia," by Margaret Bourke-White.

The Towers of St. Basil

His bibliographical references at the end of each volume will be welcomed by scholars and more serious readers. His abridgements of the original text are tactful and sensible, though sometimes misleading. They are to a large extent applied to the earlier periods, leaving almost untouched the parts concerned with the development of the last few years, which in the field of literature and art have contributed very little to the achievements of the past. The translation has been made with care and skill. I have noticed no mistakes or misunderstandings. The English style, so far as I am able to judge, is good.

*It is curious that no full translation of Miliukov's book has ever been published. The first two volumes appeared in German translation in 1898-1901 and the first volume in French in 1901. In these translations the reader will find a masterly presentation by Miliukov of the development of state and economic and social conditions in Russia.

Spring Comes to the Book Section

By Phyllis McGinley

(A Nature Poem Inspired by a Peek at the New Titles)

LOOK To The Mountain! For The Moon Is Down.
(Never Come Morning while The Moon Lies Fair.)
Bright to the Wanderer seems The Unvanquished town,
With The Edge of Darkness driven from the air.
Nearer the Earth. The Sun Climbs Slow and bright,
And Dawn Breaks In the Forests of the Night.

Beyond This Shore, O hear The Thunderbird
Thunder in Heaven—though Men Do Not Weep—
But here The Seed Beneath the Snow is stirred
And all the Floods of Spring Arise from Sleep.
Before the Night of Fire once more holds sway,
Let The Tides Run; Wave High The Banners of Day*.

(Likewise of Lippincott whose list is striking,
Harper & Bros., Little-Brown, and Viking.)

*John Day, undoubtedly.

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Two Worlds in Conflict

THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEER. By Frank Waters. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BURTON RASCOE

THIS is by far the finest novel of American Indian life I have ever read, not excepting the notable "Laughing Boy" by Oliver La Farge; but a reviewer, anxious to bring to the attention of a large audience a novel he believes to be of high merit, hesitates to disclose the inescapable fact that the book is about Indians, and wishes he could just say that Mr. Waters has written a beautiful and entrancing novel and let it go at that.

For it is almost an axiom in the book trade that novels, or, indeed, books of any kind, about Indians do not sell well. In more than thirty years there have been but two conspicuous exceptions to this rule—"Wah-kon-tah," by John Joseph Mathews and "Laughing Boy," by Oliver La Farge. And there can be little doubt that these two books, one non-fiction and the other fiction, were greatly aided in their wide circulation by having been book club selections, the first by the Book-of-the-Month Club and the second by the Literary Guild of America.

Perhaps half a dozen excellent and much-needed works of scholarship are published each year which add to the sum total of our knowledge of the history and the ways of the various tribes of the North American Indian, and of these many of them are not only informative but highly entertaining. Yet they seem to be bought and read only by those like the late Mary Austin, Mr. La Farge, and Mable Dodge Luhan, who are convinced that, in many ways, the Indians are ethically and spiritually superior to their white conquerors or, like Grant Foreman, Angie Deboe, Everett Dale, Ralph Henry Gabriel, and Morris Wardell, who have a deep sense of guilt over our treatment of the Indians and wish to atone for it vicariously not only by spreading the facts on the record but by showing wherein we still may learn much to our advantage from the Indian ways of life, which we have tried so hard to extirpate.

"The Man Who Killed the Deer" is a dramatization of the effort of the elders of the Pueblo Indians to preserve their way of life, in its spiritual essentials, while making all possible concessions to white civilization. The story is both pathetic and tragic, with overtones of a mystical musical character which put the reader into a mood of feeling that he is apprehending more than he can comprehend. If that seems badly stated, perhaps I can put it more baldly by saying that the reader leaves the book with a belief that these Pueblo Indians have a psychic power that is absent in, or lost to, us and that they can see, feel, and (with their minds) do things we cannot; and further that their superior psychic powers come from ancient mystic rites and observances which better identify them with all the elements of life than do our religions and customs—which put them "more in tune with the universe."

And, if that still sounds as though I don't know what I want to say, perhaps you had better read the novel yourself and see if you can express the matter better than I can. When I use the phrase "in tune with the infinite" I don't mean to imply that there is any Ralph Waldo Trine sort of sentimentalism in Mr. Water's novel. On the contrary, he is hard, steely, realistic. But he is stumped, baffled, by things he has observed during his long association with the Indians of Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico (which contain remnants of divers and often hostile tribes with differing customs, prejudices, and beliefs) and therefore tries humbly and admiringly to present what he has seen and felt.

The conflict between Indian and white civilization is dramatized in the story of Martiniano, a Pueblo Indian, who "belongs" to neither white nor Indian civilization. Having been sent away to be educated in the white schools, only to return to his tribe as a rebel, an outsider, a youth who falsely believes he has been liberated from tribal "superstitions" he soon finds that he is a tragic misfit. He is treated as a merely tolerated outcast by his tribe not only because he neglects the tribal ceremonies but also because he marries a beautiful Ute girl.

Martiniano further complicates his life by killing a deer on the government reservation, in defiance of laws laid down in Washington. Now, although this offense is serious enough in the eyes of the government authorities and requires punishment in the form of a fine and jail sentence, it is, curiously enough, much more serious in the eyes of the elders of his tribe. For merely doing what his ancestors would have done naturally when they wanted food, he finds that, in the minds of the tribe, he has committed not a misdemeanor but a sin. The sin is against the whole tribe and must be expiated in strange, mystic ways. At first, he tries to escape atonement by joining the Peyotes, who drug themselves with the poison of the peyote plant and escape reality temporarily thereby; but he learns that drunkenness cannot dim his deepening consciousness of guilt.

Frank Waters

How Martianino atones for his sin is a meaningful allegory for all of us. You see, the tribe had given its word that its members would obey the white laws, and any violation of this pledge threatened the most important thing in the life of the tribe—the regaining of its sacred Dawn Lake as the seat of its holiest rituals. The whites had very utilitarian uses for Dawn Lake and did not mean to be stopped in a great federal project by any nonsensical Indian mumbo-jumbo. Mr. Waters conveys the impression, quietly but emphatically, with compelling power, that the whites deceive themselves; their utilitarian projects are mumbo-jumbo; only spiritual values possess any great *use*. Otherwise Hitler is correct.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving.
2. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days," by Jules Verne.
3. Antonio, in "The Merchant of Venice," by William Shakespeare.
4. "Cinderella," by Charles Perrault.
5. Montgomery Brewster, in "Brewster's Millions," by George Barr McCutcheon.
6. Frederic, in "The Pirates of Penzance," by William Schwenck Gilbert.
7. "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
8. Ulysses, in "The Odyssey," by Homer.
9. "Rumpelstiltskin," by the Brothers Grimm.
10. "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson.

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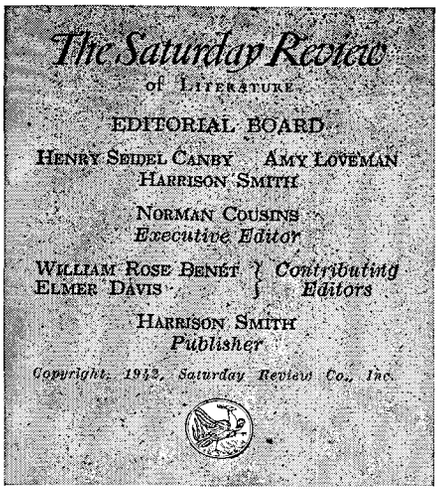

AMERICA HAS THE COURAGE

WE have about decided that, in a way, until you get wounded, it is a good deal easier to be in the armed forces at present than merely behind a non-news-correspondent typewriter. In the armed forces you are ordered to do things, and told what, when, and where, every minute of the day. In a literary-editorial armchair you read too many books and newspapers and listen too much to the radio. In between, you feel you ought to be out there fighting and dying.

The stress of this armchair thinking has reached Congress, and we recently heard a hot radio wrangle involving a loud-voiced, interrupting, radio-reporter, and a Congressman with a considerable twang. On the other side, there spoke an eminent Socialist and a Congressman from Massachusetts whom we like. We like the Socialist, too, except that he lined up at one time with the isolationists. Otherwise, he seemed to us to make more sense than most of them. The Congressman with the twang aired the ancient grievance of Congressmen, that of being turned into office-boys. The radio brazentongue was a Roosevelt-and-New-Deal hater of a common variety. The talk was all about what Congress had been doing, with the more cultivated gentlemen being polite about it. We somehow got the idea that the radio-commentator was going to vote for Ham Fish, though we may be wrong.

Anyway, the upshot was quite depressing, except for the fun one gets out of a dog-fight. And all this time our Navy had been fighting a real battle in the Pacific—while the U. S. was sliding to the bow-wows according to the radioman, and we should read Hoover's book and comfort the Republican party! (From quite another source we understand that the forthcoming volume by Ex-President Hoover presents a sane analysis of after-the-war conditions.)

The "folks back home" in America are frequently unreasonable concerning the Representatives they themselves elect, but who has time now, in the middle of this vast War, to sit and hold a Congressman's hand and dry his tears! Everybody sobs "Smear!" and there is a lot of hot botheration on the home bench and in the Republican dugout. A certain well-known newspaper columnist actually comes out for racial nationalism, which is precisely what brought Germany where she is today; an eminent literary critic who is also quite a radio personality suddenly announces that books and writers are of no avail, that killers and weapons alone are any good in winning the War. This shadow-boxing goes on all over the place, and it all comes under the head of "courage"!

Sure. We are Americans and we won't shut off our radios for anybody! O. K. But at this point may we call your attention to the fact that one of us Americans has recently had *his* say over in England, in an address in the Durham coal-mining region? Of course, we have had the fine address of Archibald MacLeish at the Associated Press luncheon on April 20th last (the one certain big newspaper owners hated so), and the address of the Vice President of the United States before the Free World Association on May 8th (which got conveniently lost in the newspapers), and the recent speech of Under-Secretary of State Welles, about a long armistice period after the War —but now we can add to those that of our Ambassador to England, John G. Winant, who said in no uncertain terms, "We must move on to a great social offensive if we are to win the war completely."

There is a line for influential writers and editors to take up from now on! *"To crush fascism at its roots we must crush the depression of democracy."* Let us go on and quote some more:

> The world of today and tomorrow demands courage. We have the courage to defeat poverty as we are defeating fascism and we must translate it into action with the same urgency and united purpose that we have won from our own comradeship in this war.
>
> What we want is not complicated. We have enough technical knowledge and organizing ability to respond to this awakening of the social conscience. We have enough courage. We must put it to use. When the war is done the drive for tanks must become a drive for houses. The drive for food to prevent the enemy from starving us must become a drive for food to satisfy the needs of all the people of all countries.
>
> The drive for physical fitness in the forces must become a drive for bringing the death and sickness rates in the whole population down to the lowest possible level. The drive for man power in the war must become a drive for employment to make freedom from want a living reality. The drive for all-out war effort by the United States must become a drive for an all-out peace. . . .

Paste that in your hats, lamenting Congressmen! Paste that in your hats, you ranters about "hop-head theorizing!" Paste that in your hats, Soreheads, Obstructionists, Self-Seekers, and Politicians! For that is what the fighting forces are going to ask of you after this War. That is what we are fighting for. That is the problem that is going to be laid right on your doorstep, later on, and the question that is going to demand an immediate answer.

As we are proud to have in our House of Representatives a Congressman like the straight-thinking and hard-hitting Eliot of Massachusetts, so we are proud to have for our Ambassador to England another American of high character, old family, and new vision. Winant's speech was as good news to us as Admiral Nimitz's communiqué, which was just about the best news yet! The U. S. has the courage. After this war, political demagogues are not going to avail against the new world that the people want and that the people are going to have. For the common man is doing, and will continue to do, the fighting. The common man in all the United Nations will win the war. That is as sure as that the Sun will rise. And then to win the peace is going to involve all the spiritual as well as all the physical courage of which we, as one nation, are capable. But we have enough.

W. R. B.

Death Has Gone By

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

NEVER, never does the bird sing
Never so sweetly, never so loud,
As when the shadow of the hawk's wing
Has merged again with the passing cloud.

Death was above him, death hovered over,
Death has gone by, he is safe once more,
His is the sky again, field and clover,
The jewelled tree and the shadowy shore.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

B. DeV. Also

SIR:—If Mr. Tiffany Thayer had looked around a little he would have found that I have lavished a lot of praise on Harry Leon Wilson's books and have even discussed his Mormon novel in print, though I certainly haven't praised it. It's a pretty bad novel from any point of view and its conception of Mormonism is absurd. Why doesn't Mr. Thayer quote its title right?

BERNARD DEVOTO.

8 Berkeley Street
Cambridge, Mass.

Alfred Mombert

SIR:—No paper in the German Reich will be permitted to inform its readers of the death of Alfred Mombert who, after the passing of Rainer Maria Rilke (1926) and Stefan George (1933), was regarded by unbiased critics as the outstanding lyrical poet of Germany.

Mombert originally practised law, but from 1906 on devoted himself exclusively to writing. He was a protegé and intimate friend of the great German poet, Richard Dehmel, and was at his deathbed. As early as 1915 Mombert was hailed by the German philosophical writer, Rudolf von Delius, as one of Germany's great spiritual pioneers, ranking with Jean Paul and Friedrich Nietzsche. As Delius said, "romanticism, in opposition to realism, has come to life again; its greatest, most profound representative is Mombert." Delius admitted that the time was not yet ripe for this poet's artistry, but prophesied that "one day . . . Mombert's star will shine for mankind, marking the beginning of a new spirit of poetry."

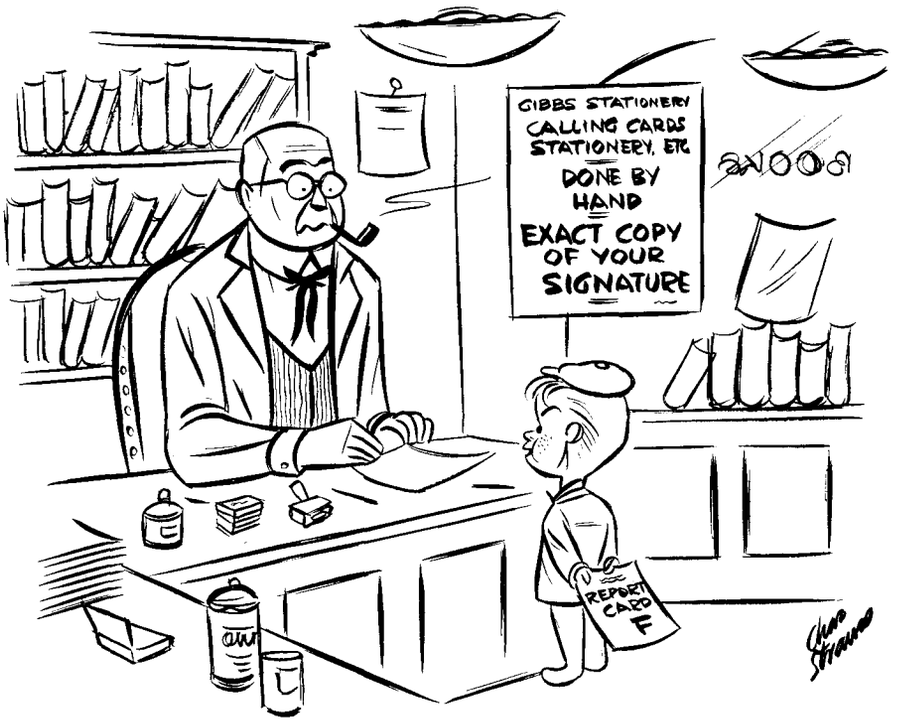
His lyrical poetry, published in numerous volumes, is written in free verse and, exuberant in music and ecstasy, presents fantastic visions of a supernatural world. His poetry is characterized best by the historian of literature, Arthur E. Eloesser, in the following words: "The poet loves all that is white and silvery, pale hues, cold color, boundless oceans, icebergs, snow-covered lands, crystalline edifices, moist winds and cloudy haze. He is like a bird that soars on high and looks down from a higher sphere, yet none the less this sphere seems strong enough to sustain him." Mombert's main work, however, is his philosophical dramatic trilogy, "Aeon." It is a poetic version of the history of man, who vainly tries to bring order out of chaos.

Recognized as one of Germany's leading spirits, Mombert was admitted to the Prussian *Dichterakademie* in 1926, and his sixtieth birthday was celebrated throughout Germany (1932), notably in the fine university city of Heidelberg, where he was living. Many people, young and old, artists and writers, made him, who never sought publicity, the goal of their pilgrimages. When, however, the Nazis came to power, he was ousted from the *Dichterakademie* and his poems were excluded from anthologies and textbook, because this author was a Jew. The climax came in October, 1940, when Mombert, then almost seventy years old, shared the fate of 9,000 other Jews from southwestern Germany who were transferred by the Nazis to the dreaded French concentration camp of Gurs. Fortunately friends succeeded in delivering the old gentleman and he celebrated his seventieth birthday—February 6—in the peacefulness of the small Swiss city of Winterthur.

None of his works has been translated into English, although his poems might strongly appeal to the Anglo-Saxon taste, akin as his language is to the style of Biblical prophets.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York City.



"How much would you charge to write my father's name on a card?"

Old Austria

SIR:—I happened to read in a recent issue a letter taking issue with Mr. Werner's opinions about Old Austria. I do not intend to defend Mr. Werner's opinions but I would like to say a few words about the letter writer's praise of Old Austria. I have seen Old Austria with my own eyes, and I became quite a bit acquainted with it even in later years writing a novel about the fall of the Hapsburg monarchy and the rise of Czechoslovakia ("The Song of the Slavs") and just now another novel about the eve of World War Number I ("Danube Waltz" scheduled for publication this fall).

The statement that "Austria did not die of malignant disease but was deliberately killed by the treaty makers of St. Germain" seems to me nothing less than distortion of history. The Austrian-Hungarian empire was already a living corpse when it entered the adventure of World War I. As a matter of fact, the empire was killed back in 1849 when the Hapsburgs destroyed the only constitution which could have transformed the prison of nations into a sort of commonwealth of nationalities. After that the Hapsburg monarchy was a sick man under a merry mask of Wiener Gemütlichkeit.

This does not justify the treaty makers of St. Germain, but the blindness of the latter does not absolve the Hapsburgs and their rotten camarilla from their crimes committed against human progress of every kind. This should be remembered just now when the members of the Hapsburg family try to profit from the general hatred of fascism.

As to the "five years of heroic fight against the Brown terror," the credit goes to the common people of Austria, whereas the Dolfuss and Schuschnigg and Rott and Zernatto (posing today as victims and/or freedom fighters) paved the way for Hitler's entry into Vienna. Knowledge of these facts should be spread in order to prevent repetition of mistakes.

F. C. WEISKOPF.

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Re-discovery of a Classic

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. From the First Edition of an English Translation Made c. 1530 by Richard Whitford. Edited with an Introduction by Edward J. Klein. New York: Harper & Bros. Originally published in 1941. *Pocket edition now in preparation.* 261 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THOMAS à KEMPIS, who, if the reference books are accurate, lived to be about ninety-one, 1380-1471, wrote "De Imitatione Christi," which has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. The best original Latin MS is at Brussels, dated 1441. The first English translation was in 1460 and the latest edition before Dr. Klein's, came in 1941.

One might think, considering the vast and enduring popularity of the work, and the number of English translations, that there was small justification for a new edition. One would be mistaken. Dr. Klein has made important discoveries, has succeeded in establishing for the first time another classic in *English* literature, and has given us what should henceforth be the standard edition of one of the great books of the world. It is not its religious but its literary value that Dr. Klein emphasises. The hero of this volume is Richard Whitford.

Here are some errors discovered by Dr. Klein that have reappeared for many years in reference books. The D.N.B. (1900) says Whitford's can be regarded as the finest English version, but says it is founded on the translation of the first three books made by Dr. William Atkinson in 1504; and it gives the date of Whitford's as 1556, 2d ed. 1585. The latest reference book, the monumental "Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature," 4 vols. 1941, has the query date 1531 for Whitford's translation of the first three books, but states definitely that it is based on Atkinson, as does every other book I have seen.

Well, Dr. Klein points out that there were some twenty editions of Whitford's translation from about 1530 to 1585; and he proves that Whitford based his translation, not on Atkinson, but made it directly from the Latin. In establishing Whitford's place in English literature, these facts are very important. Dr. Klein says that the continuous series of English translations from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries have been based originally on Whitford, "a fact never hitherto brought forward." And again: "It is of the very greatest consequence that Whitford's . . . first appeared, not in 1556, but more than a quarter of a century earlier," because this proves his immense influence on English prose style all through the sixteenth century, and that undoubtedly the incomparable prose of the English Bible (1611) owes much to Whitford.

Dr. Klein's long introduction is filled with freshly discovered facts and comments. He has for the Early English Text Society of London prepared a complete critical edition of Whitford's translation. His remarks on the freshness, simplicity, and charm of Whitford's style are substantiated by comparisons with other translations. There is not space here to quote adequately; Whitford loves words like "merry" and 'gl'ad." Samuel Butler (the novelist) would have liked this for he said the chief duty of a Christian was to be happy. Here is a sample comparison of Whitford's with another translation. "Such a lovver flieth high, he runneth swiftly, he is merry in God, he is free in soul." "He that loveth, flyeth, runneth and rejoiceth; he is free and cannot be held in."

We must henceforth regard Richard Whitford as one of the masters of English prose, with a great germinal influence; his English style has extraordinary charm. It is pleasant to think of this profound scholar studying in the fifteenth century as a Fellow of Queens College, Cambridge, then getting his M.A. at Paris, then serving in England as a chaplain to noble families, a close friend of Erasmus; and then leaving his high social position to reside at Syon Monastery near London, where he wrote the Translation; finally living with his intimate friends, the Mountjoys. Dr. Klein has discovered that he died not in 1555 or 1556 as often stated, but in 1542.

The Introduction has some very interesting remarks on the art of printing in the sixteenth century, with excellent reproductions of title-pages. This volume is so beautifully printed in large type that it ought to find a place in many private libraries. For thoses who have the impression that the "'Imitation" is a purely ascetic work ought to know that its prodigious popularity is owing largely to its shrewd knowledge and interpretations of human nature. "Out of sight, out of mind," first appears there; and Dr. Johnson loved the phrase "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OF TIME—AND LITERATURE

The passage of time was of great importance in the lives of the characters briefly sketched below. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points for each one whose name you can recall, and another 5 if you can also remember the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 9.

1. After sneaking some drinks from Hendrick Hudson and his crew, this hunter slept on a mountain side for twenty years.
2. This phlegmatic whist player wagered half his fortune that he could travel around the world in 80 days.
3. Rashly, he agreed to repay a loan within three months or sacrifice a pound of flesh to his creditor.
4. A fairy godmother made it possible for this poor girl to attend a ball but made her promise to leave the party by midnight.
5. In order to inherit seven million dollars, this young millionaire had to spend his fortune and be completely broke within one year.
6. Though he was born in 1852, this pirate-apprentice would not attain his twenty-first birthday until 1940, because he was born on February 29.
7. For sixteen lonely years this linen weaver lived in Raveloe, feared and hated by the superstitious villagers.
8. It took ten years, filled with harrowing experiences, for this soldier to return from Troy to Ithaca.
9. If the queen failed to guess this mannikin's name within three days she would have to give him her new-born child.
10. Shipwrecked on a tropical isle, this sailor was rescued after eleven years and returned home to find his wife happily married to their childhood friend.

"Producing manuscripts for victory" is the aim of the six-weeks session of the New York Writers School, beginning next Monday, June 15, at school headquarters, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Under the guidance of well-known authors, students will be turning out plays and stories, articles, and radio skits to help the war effort.

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Blood and Thunder

A STORY TO TELL and other tales. By Peter Fleming. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 223 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THE range of these stories is the range of the world roving reporter. Whether in Guatemala's airways or a country fair in rural England, whether in a circus in Brazil or the solitude of Tibet's mountains—Peter Fleming is at home everywhere.

His plots, however, are not concerned with the changing backgrounds. They follow their own strict and violent pattern. They all have, as the author remarks so disarmingly in his foreword, the "coup the theatre" towards the end. They are written to keep the reader in suspense, to surprise, to startle and shock him. The usual modern short story confines itself mostly to atmospheric sketches and runs the risk of being a bit anemic. Fleming never runs that risk. One the contrary: he has too much blood to shed.

Five out of the thirteen are stories of murder. Violent action of some kind occurs in twelve. "Dina," "Mischief On Barragay," "The Face," and "The Kill" are murder stories proper. Others use the atrocities of war banditry to achieve the stunning climax.

One should expect a certain monotony in a collection of stories, all of which are tailored after a similar pattern. But nothing of the kind happens. Peter Fleming is such an accomplished virtuoso, such a shrewd exploiter of his own talents and such a superb stylist, that he manages to electrify us with each piece.

I think "Sherry" is the perfect answer to every magazine editor's prayer. It has enough good old-fashioned suspense to hold the reader, it depicts the often used background of a motion picture studio from an unusual angle, and it's surprise twist is psychopathological, which satisfies the more fastidious public.

The best tale, nevertheless, is nearly a psychological one. "Tom Tom" is the story of the timid circus giant who gains self confidence through a mean and silly little crime. But since the giant is a stupid, vegetative creature with the mind of a sulky child, Fleming is not forced to do much deep soul exploring. He can present the giant's mental conflicts as translated into action. And in "Tom Tom" he does it with a brilliance and sureness that matches the early Maugham. Together with the title story and "Mischief On Barragay," it belongs in all anthologies of contemporary short stories.

THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEER

ONE OF THE GREATEST themes for fiction is that of hot-blooded young people coming up against the restraint of an old, conservative way of life. In THE MAN WHO KILLED THE DEER Frank Waters tells us about the struggle of a young Indian and his young wife to adjust themselves—between the customs of their ancient race and the new ways of the white people.

This book has a deep, abiding, and happy love story, which is timeless in its tenderness and passion. A feeling for the people. And a story of the Indian which will appeal to all who loved LAUGHING BOY and LOON FEATHER.

Already two distinguished men of letters have commented on it—ROBERT NATHAN: "It has an unusual quality of beauty, of color and strangeness." BURTON RASCOE: "One feels on reading this profound and heartfelt drama of Pueblo sin and redemption as though one were an initiate in one of the sublime mysteries."

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Your Devoted Son . . .

DEAREST MOTHER: Letters from Famous Sons to Their Mothers. Edited and selected by Paul Elbogan. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 356 *pp. and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

OF the eighty-three people represented in this anthology, eleven are women. It is a pity there are no more: we might then have had a more entertaining book. But I'm not sure—very few men or women are at their most natural in writing home to mother—still fewer are at the fine level of artifice; and if a letter is neither straight nature or lovely cunning, Lamb or Walpole, Thackeray or d'Annunzio, it is nothing. Anyway the man who can write a superb letter of artifice, rarely composes one for his mother's reading. Why should he? She would guess right away what had moved him to that elegant mood of denunciation or lofty idealism.

I found this a rather dull book: I cannot blame Mr. Elbogen. Possibly there is no material for a more entertaining volume. I suspect indeed that the idea of this collection was one of those "happy thoughts" which a little longer consideration would have shown to be a mistake. Most of these letters, which range from some unknown Romans in Africa of 200 A.D. to Amelia Earhart were just not worth reprinting. The exceptions are all the more welcome: and the best of the exceptions are letters by daughters and letters by Jews—especially Louisa May Alcott and Benjamin Disraeli. How delicious is the author of "Little Women," the maker of Jo the ever-desired, when she writes from Boston, at the grave age of forty,

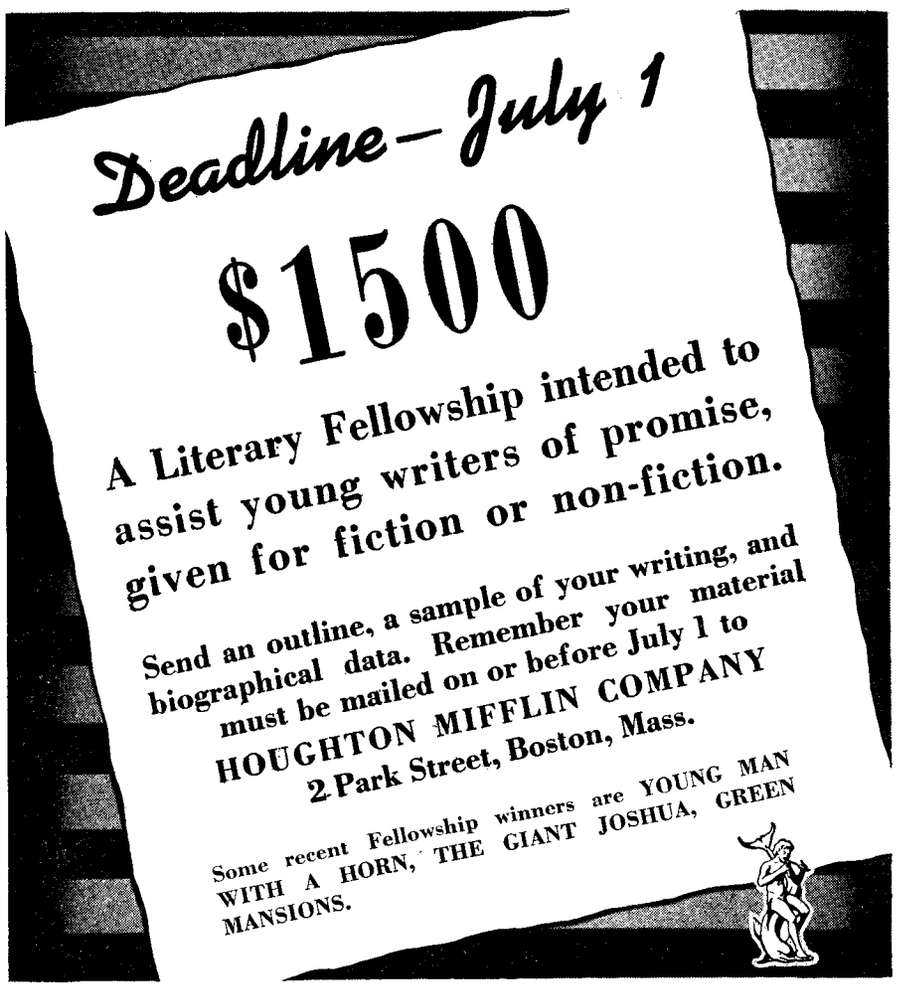
> The club was a funny mixture of rabbis and weedy old ladies, the "Oversoul" and the oysters. Papa and B. flew clean out of sight like a pair of Platonic balloons, and we tried to follow, but couldn't. In the P. M. went to R. W. E.'s [Emerson's] reading. All the literary birds were out in full feathers. Dr. B. [Beecher?] gave me his noble hand to press, and murmured compliments with the air of a bishop bestowing a benediction. . . . Such dreadful women purred about me, and I fled.

Boston in 1872 is alive and stabbed there, like a dying moth in a collector's cabinet. Dizzy from Spain, a young man of twenty-six, writes to his mother about Spanish ladies—"her hair was glossy black, her eyes like an antelope's, but all her other features deliciously soft"—and Spanish cooking, "not much to my taste . . . but it has its points: the soups are good, and *the most agreeable dish* in the world is an olio," with a frankness and freedom not impossible, but unlikely, in any son who did not spring from a matriarchal tradition.

Not impossible. There is a lucid simplicity in Walt Whitman's letters to his mother, and an affectionate ease in Thackeray's writing about his daughter Anne. Of the more recent correspondents, the most noteworthy, perhaps, is Joyce Kilmer who in May 1918 wrote from the A.E.F. in France words we should do well to remember.

> Of course, we soldiers are undergoing hardships and privations. We expect to. But we don't spend our time advertising them. But in the States when they find they must do without quite so much wheat, or meat, or something of the sort, instead of just going without and keeping their mouths shut, they advertise their remarkable abstention by having "wheatless days" and "meatless days" and all that sort of hysterical rubbish, and filling the papers with the news, thereby disgusting us soldiers and undoubtedly comforting the enemy. I think I'll start a strawberry icecream sodaless day for the Army; it would be just as sensible as what the people at home have been doing. If you (I don't mean you personally, of course) have to eat hardtack instead of butter-raised biscuit, why, eat the hardtack and shut up about it, but don't be such an ass as to have a Butter-raised biscuitless Monday. And don't shut down on theatrical amusements, and don't deprive people of their honest drink. Merely making stay-at-homes dismal does not help the soldiers a bit. England's early "Business as Usual" scheme was more practical, and this is something of a concession for me to make.

There are one or two mistakes which should be corrected in a second edition. Scott, Carlyle, and Marjorie Fleming should not be described as "English." Byron never lived to be forty-five; and while it may be true that here and in England Victor Hugo is "known better for his powerful and colorful novels" than for his poetry, it *is certainly not true in France.*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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 428)

ANNE O'H. McCORMICK:

*A. N. P. A. ADDRESS**

The time is here when the American press must prepare itself and the American people to play to the end, wherever it leads . . . the great role history, our own power, and our great stake force us to play in the remaking of the world.

*American Newspaper Publishers' Association, April 23, 1942.

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(*Continued from page 4*)

tions . . . We ourselves in the United States are no more a master race than the Nazis . . . We shall fight for a complete peace as well as a complete victory . . ."

It is doubtful whether the United States in particular and the United Nations in general could make a more effective contribution to the common cause than by accepting the very necessary generalities of this little book as an official statement of purposes and intentions. For this war is going to be fought and won by the common man all over the world. As Pearl Buck pointed out so effectively in a recent article in the *New York Times Magazine,* we shall have to forget whatever notions we may have had concerning the inabilities or disabilities of people who do not happen to have their eyes set the same way as ours, or whose skin does not happen to be so fair.

For whether we like it or not, geography has virtually disappeared as a factor in human relationships. From the standpoint of twentieth-century geography and geopolitics, all the nations and peoples of the world are now members of a related group, just as the Thirteen Colonies belonged to a related group, and just as the city-states of Greece belonged to a related group. For better or for worse, the world has at last become a single grouping of states in the important—and frequently all-important—sense of proximity and accessibility. And the consequences of disunion are as applicable to the world group today as they were to individual groupings of states in the past; that is to say, the disorganized entities of the past have become the disorganized entity of the present. It is a unit without unity, an order without order.

IN a word, the world is Balkanized. The term that grew out of the rivalries between and among the states of southeastern Europe, and which has come to mean disunion, conflict, and chaos, is now descriptive of the world as a whole. True, the world has always been beset by war and chaos—in all of recorded history, as has been pointed out there have been only three hundred years of peace—but before the twentieth century it was not a collective or all-inclusive chaos. The overall problems which pertained to the individual groupings of states did not necessarily pertain to the world as a whole. The dominant factors of proximity and accessibility were limited to circumscribed areas, resulting in geographical entities which were not only independent but frequently oblivious of each other. China enjoyed the fullest flowering of its civilization at the same time that Europe was deepest in the Dark Ages.

But that was before natural distances and barriers were conquered by accessibility. When man uncovered the secrets of the air, conquering it and bending it to his will, he took the last step in a long series of strides toward converting geography from the great separator to the great dissolver. As a result, geography, though still a primary consideration in the relations between peoples and states, is as uncompromising today in its laws of mutuality as it used to be in its laws of isolation.

The poets and sages down through time have spoken of the human family, but never before in history has that phrase become as precise in its meaning as it is today. This much all of us—American, European, African, Asiatic, Australian—have in common: willingly or otherwise, by accident or by design, we have all been brought or thrust together as members of an entity. Within that entity, to be sure, are divisions and subdivisions, but they are all heavi-

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IT was not enough, the Greeks found, to have invented a form of government which would give to each man the maximum of freedom and happiness. Democracy could not be static — they had to reshape their ideas constantly; they had to compromise; they had to curtail civil liberties when the general security was threatened. And above all *they had to fight again and again* to maintain their free way of life.

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ly interdependent and interrelated. America's retreat from the world that the Founding Fathers spoke about so sanguinely one hundred and fifty years ago has been canceled out—not through any intention of the American people, but through history itself and the geographical revolution.

There is little sense in musing or philosophizing as to whether this is desirable or whether the new world entity of which we are a part deserves our support. The fact is that the entity exists; and it will not be disestablished just because we refuse to recognize it, by any doubts we may have as to its feasibility, or by any lack of coöperation on our part. However much this may resemble something out of theory, we must at least admit that its existence as a reality is recognized by the forces to which we are opposed, and has indeed become a cardinal objective of their program. Nazi geopolitics did not invent the idea of a world order; all it did was to have been the first to recognize it and attempt to dominate it.

BUT while it is not in the nature of Nazism or similar doctrines to lay the foundations for a real and lasting peace, there is also in the nature of free nations—at least thus far—a reluctance to face the situation realistically and do what has to be done. They wait until war is snapping about them on all sides, when the evidence is measured in terms of dynamite and steel, before they recognize their mutuality; but they promptly forget that same mutuality as soon as the smoke clears away. This mutuality is not a matter of idealism or sentiment or theory; it is a matter of fact brought into being by a world where old considerations of splendid isolation have been abruptly annihilated.

Thus the biggest obstacle to world unity is not so much the formation of a suitable organization as it is the formation of a state of mind which will at least see realities for what they are and recognize the world for what it is. In America especially is there a reluctance to admit the fundamental and trite reality that time does not stand still and that changes have accompanied the passing of time, which, whether the idea appeals to us or not, have demanded for our own self-preservation that we make the best of them rather than the worst. There may be grounds for regretting that the changes have come about, but there are no grounds for saying that they do not exist.

Does this mean that the United Nations, if victorious, must impose democracy on the rest of the world? Is America or Great Britain to take the responsibility for forcibly making the world over in its image? Such a scheme is little short of fantastic, and Mr. Wallace rendered a major service to the cause of the peoples of the United Nations in outlawing the idea. Democracy is no exterior garment to be made to order. It cannot be imposed from without. Nor can any amount of coercion eke it out of a people who are incapable of understanding it, or who, bluntly, have no use for it. The Spartans held democracy in contempt and would undoubtedly have resisted with all their power any attempt to take away their oligrachy. The Moslems built an empire on their religious beliefs which, whatever else it may have been, was certainly not governed according to democratic procedure or principle; and they would have held political democracy incompatible with their innermost convictions.

Purely as a practical matter, we must admit that democracy is the ideal form of government only when the people themselves—since democracy is essentially popular rule—want it and can carry it. It exists by reason of an extremely delicate balance, and unless countless conditions and factors are present in proper relationship, the mechanism cannot function.

All this will have to be taken into account in any attempt to bring democracy to every corner of the world. If the basic conditions are ignored, and democracy is thrust on peoples everywhere irrespective of their readiness for it or the atmosphere in which that democracy may have to exist, then we may produce not the century of the common man but the century of chaos.

But while America and the other members of the United Nations cannot impose democracy on the rest of the world, what they can do is to help provide and promote the conditions under which democracy can come into being and exist. It will take a great deal of careful study and analysis to determine what the individual conditions are for individual peoples, as well as to determine how they may best be brought about. But when that is done, the job will be to help make education and enlightenment possible where education and enlightenment are needed; to help bring about internal stability and organization where stability and organization are needed; to create an outer harmony among peoples that will permit an inner harmony. In short, America's job in the coming century of the common man is to make the world safe for America by helping to make the world safe for itself.

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Book Mecca

FORTRESS OF FREEDOM: THE STORY OF THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. By Lucy Salamanca. With a Foreword by Archibald MacLeish. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1942. 435 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

AS one drops down toward the fine new National Airport at Washington in the spring sunlight, the object that catches one's eye most assertively is likely to be the Annex to the Library of Congress. Visually it outranks the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the White House, and Uline's Arena. The old library building, across First Street Northeast, is smudged and grayed into ideal camouflage; it is of the earth earthy; for all the effulgence and proximity of its big new sister, it is hard to make out.

The old building itself was new half a century ago—the cornerstone was laid, "entirely without ceremony," on August 28, 1890. In the cavity of the cornerstone was deposited a copper box nine and a half by three and a half inches in size. Miss Salamanca omits the third dimension, which is the most important of all judging by the amount of dunnage jammed into the repository, of which she gives a full inventory. Somebody is going to be tremendously disappointed when that copper box is opened.

As time goes, particularly Washington time, the old library really is pretty old. The very first library available to the Congress was housed in the New York City Hall—an older New York City Hall—and was the property of the New York Society Library, which still flourishes. In the year in which the Congress first met, Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts urged the appointment of a committee to report a catalogue of books necessary for the use of the legislators, "with an estimate of the expense, and the best mode of procuring them."

The committee was appointed and duly reported, but no action followed. Not until the passage of the Act of April 24, 1800, which moved the capital from the Hudson to the Potomac, was a library "for the use of Congress" created. Five thousand dollars was appropriated for the acquisition of books and for "fitting up a suitable apartment for containing them therein." An order for books costing £475 was placed with Messrs. Cadell and Davies of London (great names in bookselling—it was in Thomas Davies's shop that Boswell met Johnson). Their invoice was ordered printed, and thus the first catalogue of the Library of Congress took on permanence.

The suitability of the chosen apartment terminated abruptly in the summer of 1813 when the British captured Washington and burned the uncompleted "harbor of Yankee democracy"—the capitol itself, books and all. Librarian Patrick Magruder, who seems to have been no more of a poltroon than many of his neighbors, was hounded to his resignation. But his very martyrdom drew more attention to the library than it had ever received before. Then Thomas Jefferson, in retirement at Monticello (a far more retireable spot than Mount Vernon), offered his library to the Library Committee of Congress, to be "valued by persons named by themselves, and the payment made convenient to the public." There was a great to-do before the books finally reached their haven; the vote was eighty-one for to seventy-one against; there were charges that the collection contained "irreligious and immoral books, works of the French philosophers, who caused and influenced the volcano of the French Revolution which had desolated Europe and extended to this country." Jefferson received $23,900 for some six thousand books. It was a bargain.

Miss Salamanca's narrative does not overstress antiquity. She brings her chronicle down to the present and the present librarian, whose foreword calls "Fortress of Freedom" "the first complete history of the Library of Congress." Complete is an all-out word; Miss Salamanca could have told a longer, more detailed, more abundantly documented story. But, "Fortress of Freedom" will bring home to Americans the scope, function, and value of one of their most prizeable possessions.

Modest Memory

GIANTS IN DRESSING GOWNS. By Julius B. Arnold. Chicago: Argus Books. 1942. 240 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

MR. ARNOLD is the son of Edwin Arnold who divided, with a very inferior poet Lewis Morris, the greatest popularity, after Tennyson, of any Victorian poet. His pleasant book of recollections and anecdote suffers from an excess of modesty. He does not tell us his age, his adventures, his career, nor even how long he has lived in this country. It is a refreshment to read his frank and filial praise of his father who, whatever he thought of the merits of "The Light of Asia," was a first-rate editor, a great leader-writer, and a very likable man.

The book's title suits the mood of admiration which is normal with Mr. Arnold—only a very kind eye and generous heart could see some of his subjects as "giants." The best of his sketches concern the men we met in his boyhood and youth—Swinburne, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Irving, Watts, Darwin, Disraeli; he writes of them all in a way which makes the reader appreciate them and their young interlocutor. He rarely allows himself any severity, so that his cutting vignette of William Jennings Bryan is the more noticeable. He discussed fundamentalism with Bryan—this was in 1919—and on parting—

> Bryan extended his hand to me and said, "Goodbye, friend, for if we do not meet again in *this* life I

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fear that we shall not meet in *another.*"

There is a surprising and moving story of Cora Pearl in her decline; an exciting recollection of Conan Doyle, with a letter of October, 1927, in which Doyle says that in his accumulations of automatic writing there is a general consensus from "sixty independent testimonies of the coming world disaster . . . the general impression is that it is at the end of the next decade"; and there is an account of Colonel T. E. Lawrence lecturing in the Albert Hall which is new to me.

There is a deplorable misquotation of two lines from Matthew Arnold's "Obermann Once More."

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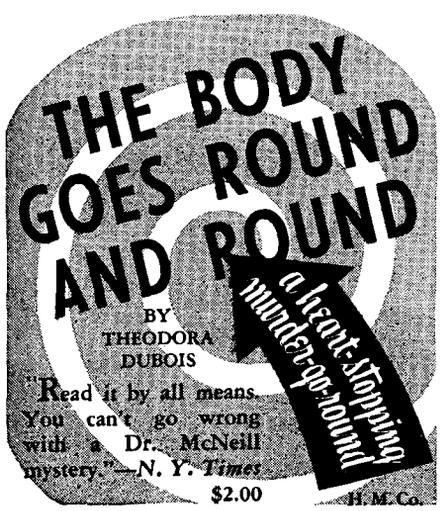
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The Phoenix Nest

OUR recent resurrecting of an old poem on place-names has brought in the following comments which we think so interesting and pleasing in themselves as to merit full quotation. The first is from that erudite and perspicacious book-lover, Earle Walbridge, who is now working on a revised and enlarged edition of "Literary Characters Drawn from Life" (H. W. Wilson Company). He says his erudition is no trick at all, if you should happen to be, as he is now, an assistant in the Reference Room of the Washington Square Library of New York University (Tom Wolfe's School for Utility Cultures, Inc.?). He says further that those young aviators who were disciplined for swooping too low and, by horrible accident, decapitating a woman in a Southern turnip patch, recalled to his mind a poem of not so long ago entitled, "She Triumphed in the Tragic Turnip Field." But here is his letter:

The C. (?) L. G. who wrote your "Ballad of Place-Names" might be Gerald Louis Gould (1885-1936), the English poet, don't you think? He was the Gerald Gilt of Henry Williamson's "The Gold Falcon; or The Haggard of Love" (1933); remember that interesting literary tow-row?

Taking up the place-names alphabetically: Ambergate is in Derbyshire; Appledore in Kent (also it is one of the Isles of Shoals: see Edmund Pearson's "Murder at Smutty Nose" and the works of Miss Celia Thaxter); Apulia and the Arno are in the domain of the dictator whom "Francis Beeding" (John Palmer and Hilary Saunders) calls Caffarelli; Bure is a Norfolk river; Caerleon-on-Usk (which is a river) is in Monmouth, England; Carno is in Montgomery, Wales (in August I'll be in Montgomery, Vt., but not to stay!); Cressage will be found in Salop, England; as for the Crook of Lune, Lune flows both in Lancs and Yorks; Delabole is in Cornwall, beloved of Hugh Walpole (rhyme); Evenlode is on Oxon stream, and, like the Windrush (see below), one of the "numerous consequent streams from the scarplands"; there are Garths in Brecon, Glamorgan, and Montgomery (again), Wales; Glenmalur (no terminal e, as you had it) meanders through County Wicklow, Ireland; Luxilian is in Cornwall; Meldreth in Cambridgeshire; Mount Brandon, I judge, rises in Kerry, Ireland (Oh for the days of the Kerry dancing); Seven Kings belongs to Ilford, Essex; Shandon is in Dumbarton, Scotland (hence Branch Cabell's Dumbarton Grange?); the Waveney waters Norfolk and other regions; and the Windrush is in Gloucestershire, one of those streams, I bet a tanner, which is bordered with loosestrife. What would young British novelists, from Compton Mackenzie down, do without loosestrife?

Mexican Place-Names

Elizabeth Wallace of Minneapolis, Minnesota, (whom we have met in New York), says she has always loved place-names and in every new country she visits she finds an especial fascination in the geographical appellations. She challenges us—or you, dear reader,—to read the following Mexican "place-names verse" aloud. It is called "Flying in Mexico," and, after certain introductory lines, it runs like this:

. . . A race against inertia, faster, faster, faster . . .
We lift from earth, defiant of disaster.

And the pilot is a Mexican, of Spanish blood and Aztec,
While the helper is Mixtecan, with perhaps a bit of Toltec.
And the steward is Yucatecan
From the region of Chectemoc;
Because of this the rhythm of the Ford Tri-motor plane
Chants in accents strangely heathen that would give good Henry pain

(Could he but understand!)
Chichimila, Chilchihuetes,
Chimalapa, Champotan.
Churrumuco, Churubusco,
Chilpancingo, Altopan,

Ocosingo, Tenencingo, Tulantongo, Mazatlan,
Petlalcingo and Chapingo,
Tlaltenango, Zapopan.

The plane soars higher, higher, on rigid wings that never tire.
Above soft treacherous clouds that fling outstretching arm protean,
Then sink defeated, maimed monsters in a sea empyrean.
Near snow clad peaks that seen from earth have been
Remote and chastely veiled, but now they answer to the thrum

CLUES TO BURN

is what Coco and Bill Hastings had. Far too many clues for a couple of people who didn't want to have anything to do with murder. Someone else apparently had the same idea, and actually tried burning a few. And that, of course, made just another clue.

A BLOODHOUND MYSTERY

CLUES TO BURN

By Lenore Glen Offord
author of
The Nine Dark Hours, etc.

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DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

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Of this new transient bird that
knows their ancient airs,
And swings its rhythmic way to the
beat of some ancestral drum . . .

Huastepec and Miltepec,
Tequistepec, Zapotitlan,
Huilttepec, Quetzaltepec,
Mapastepec, Teotitlan,

Tehuantepec,
Tezontepec,
Zenzontepec
and
Acotlan.

Old Popo gleams, the zopilote
screams near Ixti's lofty bed,
And Orizaba looms above Malint-
zin's Indian head.
Over yawning canyons and sluggish
yellow streams,
We downward sweep to where the
sea is lulling little boats to
dreams.
And the motor times its rhythm to
the music of the waves . . .

Topolobampo, Huastabampo
Turicato, Juchitan.
Itundujia, Colimaya,
Aramberri, Acatlan.

Tropic storm of wind and hail, lash-
ing ocean into gales,
Beating hard on metal wings, like
a thousand tiny flails.
Circling high above Campeche, with
each little checkered street,
We come swooping down where
swishing mud and water meet:

Xochimilco, Chichen-Itza
Bacabachi, Zimapan.
Juchipila, Suchiapa
Tapachiba,
Tzin-tzum-tzan.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Forces in Neuroses

SELF-ANALYSIS. By Karen Horney, M. D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1942. 303 *pp., and index.* $3.

Reviewed by BERTRAM D. LEWIN, M.D.

THIS is the third book in which Dr. Horney marks her differences from the Freudian type of psychoanalysis, and one which further clarifies her position. For although the title lays stress on self-analysis and her introductory chapters rather speculatively discuss the pros and cons of the possibilities and limitations of unaided or nearly unaided insight, they are inconclusive, and the most illuminating part of the book comes from the author's listing of what she considers the "driving forces in neuroses," and from the case report in which a woman "analyzes" herself and enables herself to become free of a neurotic involvement with a man, which she had supposed a truly significant love relationship.

The driving forces of the neuroses are, according to Dr. Horney, not the sexual and aggressive instincts and their early fixations, but trends," which as they are listed are partly reminiscent of MacDougall's list of sentiments and partly of what Freud has included among the narcissistic and defensive aspects of the ego. Thus she names the neurotic need for affec-

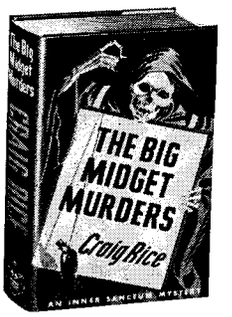
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GILDED MAN *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Sir Henry Merivale indulges in rich foolery to solve mystery of unfortunate Englishman who was "killed twice."	Best of H. M.'s exploits so far. Puzzling plot, crystal-clear solution, plentiful thrills and gallons of fun.	Swell
DESIGN IN EVIL *Rufus King* (Crime Club: $2.)	Pretty catspaw for murderous fortune hunter saved by perceptive psychiatrist on crimeswept ocean voyage.	Double identity of shanghaied maiden tantalizingly handled and slaying of jittery female satisfactorily, if melodramatically, cleared up.	Good
DEATH AMONG DOCTORS *James G. Edwards, M.D.* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three deaths in and near Ill. hospital induce vast peppermint consumption by Insp. Bondurant.	Hospital politics and amorous dalliance stirred around with murder in capable but not especially outstanding fashion.	Fair
MURDER WILL IN *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Violent deaths of two New York ladies, with money as motive, make work for Fleming Stone.	Likeable, if slightly nutty, characters perform characteristic Wellsian evolutions until solution peeps 'round corner.	Agreeable
THE TWELVE DISGUISES *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	British intelligence ace disappears on continent. Higher-ups send Col. Granby on search.	Protean spy does daring deeds under noses of Nazis and settles an amazing mystery.	Good thriller

One night at a concert CRAIG RICE had an inspiration — definitely non-musical. It suddenly occurred to her that the bull fiddle case would be an elegant hiding place for a body. A small body, she mused idly. Why of course, a midget.

At that moment The Big Midget, JAY OTTO, was born. When the concert was finished, so was he, together with the plot for *The Big Midget Murders.* CRAIG RICE says she didn't hear any of the music but she had a lot of fun.



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We say, firmly, no one. And for added authority we quote LOUIS UNTERMEYER, who herewith proves himself Number One Mystery Connoisseur as well as Number One poetry anthologist.

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by Craig Rice

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tion and approval, the neurotic need for a partner who will take over one's life, the neurotic need to restrict one's life within narrow borders, the neurotic need for power, the need to control self and others through reason, to believe in the omnipotence of will, to exploit, the need for social recognition or prestige, the need for personal admiration, neurotic ambition, need for self-sufficiency, for perfection. This list does not give the impression of primordial qualities and there is a good deal of overlapping. The list also shows why Dr. Horney's ideas have so often, though I think only superficially, been compared with Alfred Adler's.

It is to the realization of such motives that the self-analysis of the woman outlined in this book leads. The current situation with the man shows itself more and more to be based on neurotic motives and is finally terminated without conflict.

Compared, let us say, with one of Freud's case histories, the striking thing is not so much what is new as what is lacking. Lacking is the insight into the infantile sexuality, especially the oedipus and castration complexes, and into those unconscious things which are the quintessence of freudian analysis. Although Dr. Horney believes that her difference with Freud is largely a matter of emphasis, if this is true the emphasis is so strong as to change the picture almost unrecognizably.

The book is very smoothly written in an exceptionally clear style.

"As William James Said," edited by Elizabeth Perkins Aldrich, has been made a June selection of the Trade Book Clinic of the American Institute of Graphic Arts. This treasury of the writings of William James was recently released by the Vanguard Press to coincide with the centennial of his birth.

TRADE WINDS

A SPRIG of laurel to the brand-new firm of L. B. Fischer for one of the most distinguished publications of the year: a slim but impeccably designed volume that contains Vice-President Wallace's magnificent address on the Price of Free World Victory, with some comments by Raymond Gram Swing, Major G. F. Eliot, Raymond Clapper, Dr. Francis McMahon, and Dorothy Thompson. Mr. Wallace has voiced the aspirations of free men and women the world over; his words will be quoted years after the half-witted editors who printed them on inside pages, or ignored them altogether, are gone and forgotten. The Wallace booklet (priced at seventy-five cents) goes on our shelf with the one-volume "Writings of Abraham Lincoln," Tom Paine, and "The Federalist" . . .

THE NEW SONG that you will hear on radio programs celebrating United Nations Day on June 4th was composed by Kurt Weil. The lyrics are by Archibald MacLeish.

NO SOONER had John Dos Passos moved over lock, stock, and barrel to the Houghton Mifflin list, than his wife, Katherine, decided to do the same thing. She and Mrs. Frank Shay have signed up for a tale of adventure on the high seas called "Across the Western Ocean." Things have come to a pretty Dos Passos in the Houghton office . . . Judging by the coy notes that have been emanating from the publicity department of one of New York's biggest publishing houses, the author of the Bobbsy Twins has a new job . . . Next month Whittlesey House will publish the "Army Woman's Handbook," a manual of information on financial and legal matters for the woman with a husband, son, or sweetheart in the Service. We presume that there will soon be a companion edition for men with wives in the service. It is reported that a private recently beseeched his lieutenant for three days' leave. Asked for a reason, he explained that his wife had just been made a sergeant in the newly organized WAACs. "That's very fine," commented the lieutenant, "but why should that get a three-day leave for you?" "Lieutenant," the doughboy pleaded earnestly, "I want to do something that every Army private has dreamed of doing for the past hundred years!" . . .

JUST WHEN the Hopwood Award was beginning to mean something in the book world (the last three winners were "Loon Feather," "Whistle Stop," and the about-to-be published "Nearer the Earth") the judges of the 1942 competition have toyed with fate and split the prize three ways. We will try to preserve an open mind on the subject, but if three manuscripts have come up in a single year from student writers in the single state of Michigan that are worth Hopwood awards and publication, it will be a minor miracle . . . Doubleday, Doran and Curtis Brown have worked out a really effective formula for a prize contest. They jointly offer a $400.00 prize for the best novel submitted by an accredited student at any one of the 1942 writers' conference. This is an outright prize, and not an advance against possible future royalties. It will encourage and stimulate students at these summer courses, and at the same time, since publication specifically is not guaranteed unless merited, neither the publisher nor the agent is placed under the obligation of foisting one more unworthy book on the public. We hope to live to see the day when some highly publicized prize committee announces "The manuscripts submitted were all so horrible that we've called the contest off and invested the prize money in war bonds."

THE CRITICAL battle of the year on "The Moon Is Down" front has been terminated, or thereabouts, and by this time some of our leading reviewers are probably pretty darned ashamed of themselves for some of the exaggerated statements they issued, both pro and con, in the heat of the fray. A very sour footnote to the episode is a nauseating press release from the Belgian Information Center in New York. This complains against the episode in the Steinbeck book in

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which the Nazi commander recalls his experiences in Belgium in the First World War, when a seemingly meek old crone in Brussels killed no fewer than twelve Germans with a long black hatpin. The protest points out that Steinbeck, despite his good intentions, has really done a "disservice to the Belgian capacity for dignity and fair play." Are there still Belgians in American who fear to hurt the delicate sensibilities of the Nazis, or who still do not understand what is happening to their countrymen at home today? And if so, just how far do the Nazis have to go to convince them? We recommend that the party responsible for this release go to hear Gracie Fields sing her rousing ballad "We're going to 'ang old 'itler from the very 'ighest bough of the biggest aspidistra in the world!" . . .

IN THE JUNE issue of the *Wilson Bulletin,* Miss Josephine Austen, Librarian at Forest Park, Illinois, declares that her profession provides a unique opportunity for souvenir collecting. Readers use unbelievable objects for bookmarks, and frequently forget to remove them before they turn in the volumes. Miss Austen's collection includes violent love letters, nail files, playing cards, bobby pins—and most unexpected of all, a very, very thoroughly fried egg . . .

THE MOST completely enjoyable motion picture we have seen in the past six months is Warner Brothers' story of George M. Cohan, "Yankee Doodle Dandy." These screen biographies are straying further and further from the actual facts, but in this case it doesn't make the slightest difference. Somebody should remind the Warner research department that the Lusitania had four smokestacks, not two. And I'm sorry they didn't use my favorite anecdote about Mr. Cohan. Sam Harris came into his office one morning and found an enraged Cohan in the act of firing an actor who had repeatedly ignored his instructions. The actor finally made off, and Cohan, his face still red with rage, wheeled on Mr. Harris. "Remind me, Sam," he demanded, "never to hire that so and so again unless we absolutely need him!"

To Captain Frank Frazier, of Lippincott, and Captain Donald Klopfer, Random House: good luck, and we hope you'll come home before long in triumph . . .

Bennett Cerf.

Send GOOD books to the Victory Book Campaign, Saturday Review Family, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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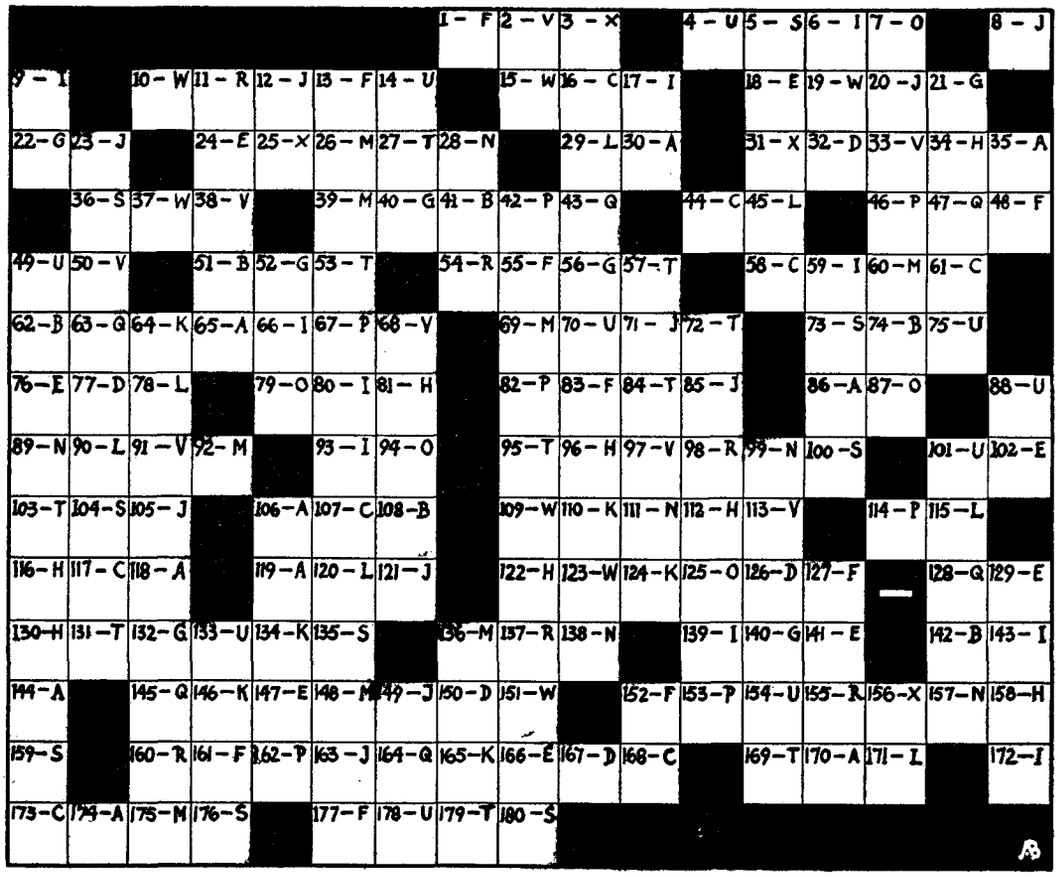
The Crostics Club

S. E. ALLEN, retired Professor of English at Williams, calls my attention to *awaits* in the first edition of Gray's "Elegy," housed in the Chapin Library, rare-books collection of the College. Amazing that no one has beheaded me for my error! *Await* I learned as a student, and *await* it is in Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," the only reference book I had at the moment of writing, though I am averse to using anthologies as sources. But how came Chris Morley and Luella Everett to be napping?

To continue for Wallace M. Davis and his ilk: The first step in evolving a DC concerns the choice of the selection. It must be quotable, not hackneyed, not confused in the expression, not too long, counting letters and spaces, to be contained in the number of squares allowed me. It must embody the letters needed for the acrostic—the author's name and the title—perchance a j, z, k, 3 g's, 2 y's, etc.; and the author's name and title together must contain from 24-26 letters (24-30 for my books). If fewer than 24, the making entails, as a rule, words too long for flexible juggling to utilize all the letters of the quotation. These technical limitations thus detract from the spontaneity of choice. Recently in running over the index of Lew Sarett's poems (introduced to me by W. R. Benét's Poetry Number), having counted out the 9 letters of his name, I was left only those titles containing from 15-17 letters. That is an initial handicap!

To change the subject—in musing on the links that DC's forge round the world, I want you to know some of our most picturesque puzzlers, and I begin with Ann Edwards, long a crack telegraph operator on the C. and O. R. R. at Scott Depot, coal-mining town of W. Va. The trains by day and night, like the coal workers, are her intimates. From one of these trains a conductor threw her, among other magazines left by travelers, a copy of the *S. R. L.* In sending in her subscription Ann inquired as to the reference books needed for the DC's. This breezy letter was the first of a refreshing correspondence—I am ashamedly in arrears. Thus she wrote once of having met on the train to Nashville James Weldon Johnson to whom on being introduced she said: "'I have just met your poetry in a recent Double-Crostic." Whereupon he replied: "Yes, I recall the letter from Mrs. Kingsley asking permission to use that selection"; and then he suggested that she read his volume "God's Trombones."—A year later he met his death in a collision of his car with a train—a kind of accident he had deplored and dreaded, he remarked that day in his conversation with her.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 429

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 14 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. In *molluscoida* the organ surrounding mouth and bearing the tentacles (zool.)

B. Blank-verse tragedy by Otway (with *The;* 1680).

C. Without reservation; all the way (slang).

D. First name of recent Pulitzer Prize novelist.

E. Character in *Middlemarch.*

F. Dull; heavy.

G. The mother of Hiawatha.

H. Deviating from truth or propriety.

I. To endure hard conditions until better ones come (3 wds.)

J. Tyrant of Athens (B. C. 555-514).

K. One who is astray.

L. Creeping.

M. Small metal vessel with a handle (culinary) (pl.)

N. Paravanes.

O. American composer (1853).

P. Pushes or drives with force.

Q. Freed from integument.

R. Waning; sinking.

S. Common pork-meat cuts served with sauerkraut.

T. Mentally deficient (comp.)

U. State of being hardy and robust.

V. Most unlike.

W. Progressively in motion toward a higher or better state (3 wds.)

X. Flat failures (slang); clothes (colloq.)

WORDS

118 86 35 106 30 65 119 170 144 174

41 108 62 142 51 74

58 173 16 117 107 61 44 168

77 32 126 150 167

76 147 141 166 18 24 129 102

177 127 152 83 161 55 1 48 13

40 132 52 56 140 22 21

116 122 34 81 158 96 130 112

9 93 139 6 143 59 172 66 80 17

149 71 85 105 12 121 20 163 8 23

146 64 165 110 134 124

171 120 115 78 90 45 29

148 69 175 26 136 92 60 39

99 89 138 157 111 28

87 94 79 125 7

46 153 42 114 67 162 82

47 63 128 145 164 43

11 54 98 137 155 160

159 180 73 176 104 100 5 36 135

95 179 27 169 57 84 131 72 103 53

133 154 49 4 178 75 70 14 88 101

2 38 50 68 97 33 113 91

19 109 123 15 151 37 10

3 25 156 31

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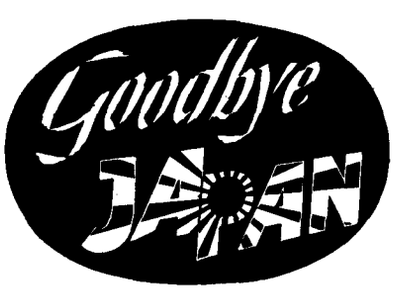

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